

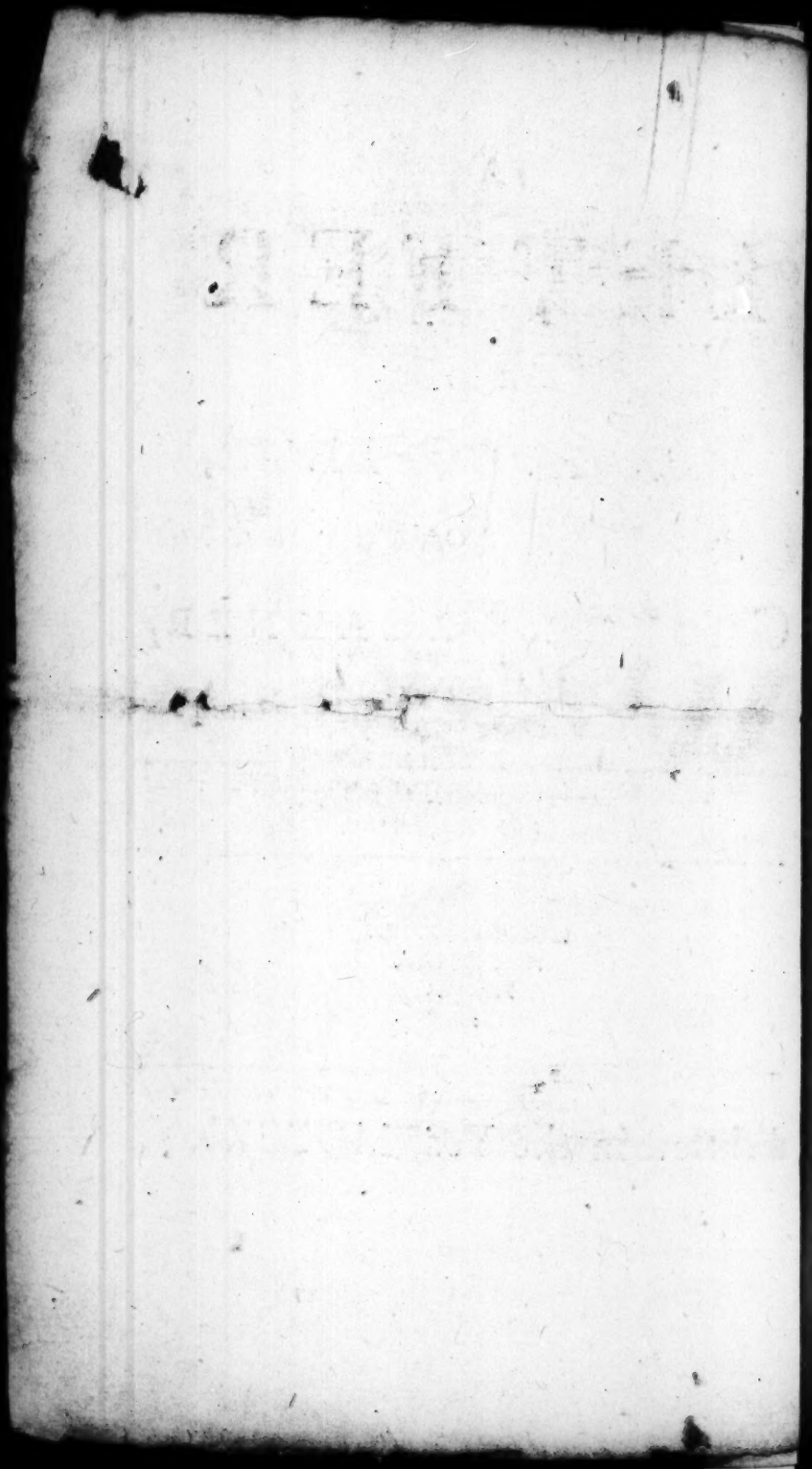
A
LETTER
FROM
MARTIN GULLIVER,
TO
GEORGE FAULKNER,
Printer

Demetri, teq; Tigelli.
Discipulorum inter jubeo plorare cathedras. Hon



Printed in the Year MDCCXXX.

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LETTER, &c.

WHY, FAULKNER, shou'd you be surpriz'd,
You have been basely Scandaliz'd †
The injur'd Town already knows
The † Scoundrel Author of the *Prose*;

A *Villain*, whom the *Rope* supplies
With *Monthly-Sentenc'd* Sacrifice!
Who never yet proceeded further,
Than a *Last Speech* or *Bloody Murder*!
Whose *Prefs* is but the common *Stews*
Of *Grubstreet*-lays, and lying News,

Compos'd

† An infamous poor N—s-M-ng-r, who wrote Notes
to G. F—KN—r's Petition, and printed the same.

Compos'd of uncorrected *Scraps*,
 To *Rob* the *Publick* of their *Raps*!
Justice may keep your Hand in *Awe*,
Necessity will have no *Law*:
 'Twas this that made him *Print* his *Trafs*,
 Defy the *Legislature's* *Lasb*,
 And risk the *Forfeiture* of *Ears*,
 To pay his *Belly* it's *Arrears*.
 For who wou'd spare a little *Leather*,
 To keep both *Flesh* and *Bones* together,
 Since it's allow'd in ev'ry *Art*
 The *Whole* is nobler than a *Part*?
 So *Beavers* bite, when closely proft,
 Some *Members* off, to save the *Rest*.

If *Penury* provok'd the *Slave*,
 To publish *Lies*, and play the *Knave*,
 Why shou'd it give you *Discontentment*?
 The *Rascal* is below *Resentment*.
 What *Lordly* *Lyon*, bent to feast,
 Encounters with the *braying* *Beast*?
 What *Mastiff* ever rais'd his *Fur*,
 Mov'd by the *Barking* of a *Cur*?
 Wou'd you avoid the servile *Gibe*
 Of *Him*, and all his hungry *Tribe*?
 Give up the *Business*, which you follow,
 Forsake the *Service* of *Apollo*.

What

What Man of Genius ever rose
 In any Art, without his Foes?
 Can any future Poets hope,
 To Copy after Sw——r or P——re,
 And not expect to meet with Medlies
 Of *Blackmores*, *Dennises*, and *Smedlies*?
 In vain shall *Learning* intercede,
 In vain shall *Wit* and *Virtue* plead;
 For Envy is a Kind of Ferret,
 That's ever hunting after Merit;
 An Elf-Shot, that, to strike it dead,
 Is level'd chiefly at the *Head*!

Behold, above the common Herd,
 A ‡ Man of Merit is prefer'd;
 Whose Probity is unarraign'd,
 Whose Worth intrinsic and unstain'd;
 Whose Eloquence is of a Piece
 With what was heard in antient *Greece*;
 Cry Whoop! the City's in Alarms,
 And all the Scriblers up in Arms;
 While he indignant of their Lays,
 Intent upon his Maker's Praise,
 ' *And proud his Orders to perform,*
 ' *Moves calmly on amidst the Storm.*

As

 ‡ Doctor D——L——NY.

As, fresh beneath the vernal Show'rs,
 A Garden blooms with fragrant Flow'rs,
 So well dispos'd in ev'ry Part,
 That Nature seems to vie with Art,
 But often, round about the Edge,
 Is choak'd within a Briar-hedge;
 So Men of Merit have a Pack
 Of snarling Blockheads at their Back,
 That thrust their Malice still between,
 For fear their Talents shou'd be seen.

'Tis said by some, the Gods provide
 These Instruments, to check our Pride;
 To make us Meek, and let us know
 Th' imperfect State of Things below;
 That Hope and Fame, and Joy's a Flash,
 Which Pain and Disappointment dash.

Achilles, who cou'd boast his Line
 (As *Homer* sings) of Birth divine,
 Whose Breast defy'd the pointed Steel,
 Was Vulnerable in the Heel.——

Let Men of Parts apply the Story
 To *Fame*, as a *Memento Mori*.

But you object, I give the Hint
 To those, who *Write*, and you but *Print*;
 You get Materials ready wrought,
 And only dress the Poet's Thought:

'Tis

Agreed : but can you hope to thrive
 By *Wit*, while Dunces are alive,
 And yet avoid the puny Rage
 Of all the Scriblers of the Age ?
 For as of old the Charioteer,
 The warlike Courfers wont to Steer,
 The Hero's Fortune often found,
 And fell, and falling bit the Ground ;
 So Printers of the modern Date
 Must hope to share the Author's Fate.

The only Shield you can oppose
 Against the Darts of dirty Foes,
 Is but to prove serenely Just,
 Sincere and steady to your Trust ;
 Nor usher Nonsense into Town,
 Tho' writ by one, that wore a ~~Gown~~,
 Despise the Menaces and Bolts
 Of all the *Academic* Dolts ;
 I mean the *Cabalistic* Throng,
 That give no Right, and take no Wrong ;
 Those Strangers to the Ways of Truth,
 Who prey upon the Sins of Youth !
 Those mock-Philosophers, who put
 Their *Summum bonum* in the Gut !
 With plodding supercilious Looks,
 And shallow Insight into Books,

Exert

(8)

Exert their Tyranny on Slaves,
And favour none, but Fools or Knaves !
Who in their Bosoms nurture Malice,
Yet once a Month approach the *Chalice* !
In thy Integrity persist,
Nor reck thy vile Antagonist ;
But leave the wretched CACOFUGO,
To rail at Wit, and — print for HUGO.

F I N I S.